The Beggars Chorus IN THE JOVIAL CREW,

THere was a jovial Beggar
And had a wooden Legg
He was lame from his Cradle
And forced for to beg
And a begging we will go will go will go
And a begging I will go.

A bag for my Oatmeal
Another for my Rye,
A little bottle by my side
To drink when I am a dry,
And a begging &c.

A bag for my wheat
And another for my Salt,
A little pair of Crutches
To shew how I can halt,
And a begging &c.

A bag for my bread
Another for my Cheese
A little Dog to follow me
To gather what I leese
And a begging &c.

To *Pimlico* wee'l go
Where merry we shall be
And ev'ry man with a Can in's hand
And a Wench upon his knee,
And a &c

And when that we're disposed
We tumble on the grass
With long patch'd Coates
For to hide a pretty Lass
And a begging we will go will go will go
And a begging we will go.

Seaven years I served
My old Master *Wild*
Seaven years I begged
Whilst I was but a child,
And a begging we will go will go will go,
And a begging we will go.

I had the pretty knack
For to wheedle and to cry
By young and by old
Much pittyed e're was I,
And a &c,

Fatherless and motherless
Still was my complaint
And none that ever saw me
But took me for a Saint,
And a &c,

I begg'd for my Master
And got him store of Pelf
But *Jove* now be praised
I do beg for my self
And &c,

Within a hollow Tree
I live and pay no Rent,
Providence provides for me
And I am well content,
And &c.

I fear no Plots against me
But live in open Cell
Why who wou'd be a King
When a Beggar lives so well,
And a begging we will go will go will go
And a begging we will go.

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